He seemed at once young and old, athletic and frail. There was something troubling about his arms and legs. There was a suggestion of gauntness and pain. "That wouldn't be because of this enormous brace I'm wearing on my left leg, now would it?" Adam asked me once, when I said he looked uncomfortable. I tried to sympathize, but he wouldn't accept pity. He'd been through a bad accident. I couldn't see that day more than two years ago, partly because it was still early summer. In hot weather when he wore sandals, I saw that he'd also lost his left big toe.

Among others pieces of useless information, I told him that I bought my shoes second hand. One day when we were working in the kitchen I mentioned that I got athlete's foot after I started to jog. He thanked me for that information too. It wasn't on my curriculum vitae. He said the second-hand shoes probably had more to do with it. He took care of his feet. He just didn't have that much of them left.

The inside of his gaunt left arm was scarred where the bone had burst through the skin from elbow to wrist as he clenched the steering wheel that nearly crushed him to death. He was a man of many hurts. He suffered from chronic pain.

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Just a few days ago I'd sat in on a meeting with Adam, the